

THE OLD COUPLE.

It stands in a sunny meadow,
The house so mossy and brown,
With its curtain of old chrysanthemums,
And its roof sloping down.
The trees fall their green arms around it,
And the winds go chanting through them,
And the sunbeams kiss their gold.
The old couple sit in the marshes,
The old tree bough in the sunlight,
And beside the boy in the pasture.
The birds go free and wild.
The children come and left them,
The old wife's arms are failing,
And she has lost her young love,
And she has lost her young love.

The old heart in her chest,
That has soothed her in many a care,
And prays her now for the brightness
Her old face is pale.

She thinks again of her boy—
She is old, her hair is white,
She sto'd by her gay young lover,
In the morn'g a'way light.

Oh, the morn'g is rosy as ever,
The day is bright, the sun is fled,
And the sunrise still is golden;
But it falls a silvered hood.

And the girlhood dreams once vanished,
When the rose was in its prime,
The rose in its bloom, the rose tone,
When the rose pulse trembles.

And looking forth from the window,
Till the day was almost done,
A single rose, the last of the bloom,
Stole o'er the threshold stones.

She crossed the old doorstone,
Though dimmed her eye's bright azure,
And she had her boy's young gold,
The love in her girlhood's pride.

Her eyes are dim, her hair is gone,
She has never known spring's prime.

She sits in peace in the sunshine,
Till the day is almost done,
A single rose, the last of the bloom,
Stole o'er the threshold stones.

He folded her hands together—
He touched their wrists with helm
As though he were a soldier,
Like the case of a solemn psalm.

Like a bridal pair they traversed
The room, myst'ly read,

"Whose brother and maker is God?"

Perhaps in that miracle country
They will give our lost youth back;
All will bloom in the spirit's track.

One brought from the living waters
Shall buck his manhood's prime.

The love that outlived time.

By the shades that lie behind them,
The wrinkles and silver hair,

The angel had printed there.

With hideaway'neath the willows,
When the day is low in the west.

Where the sunbeams cannot beam,
The old couple sit in the pasture.

And we'll have no tale-tomehons,
With the eye and date, to see

Over the two who are no longer
In the Father's house in the skies.

(From the Cincinnati Commercial.)

J. WILKES BOOTH—THE BOO'TE FAMILY.

In the world's history no man has more

admirably achieved a eminence and an

immortality of infamy, or given a more un-

enviable distinction to those connected with

him by ties of blood and marriage, than the

assassin of the President of the United

States. Such evidence of guilt as has al-

ready been obtained, appears conclusively

to John Wilkes Booth, and his son, the

assassin; and there is an unspaced curios-

ity to know what manner of man he is,

whose treasonous and bloody purpose con-

sisted to death one for whom millions

mourn to-day, and doomed himself to be

more hatefully detested and execrated than

any villain since the days of Judas Is-

cait.

John Wilkes Booth is a son of Junius

Brutus Booth, Sr., by his second wife, who

survives him, and now resides with her

step-son, Edwin Forrest, in New York

city. The elder Booth, the father of the

impostor, was an English tragedian,

born in London, in 1792. During

his minority he played in several of

the provincial English theaters, with moderate

success, and, in 1814, made his debut at

Court Garden Theater, in his native city, as

Richard III. His personal resemblance

to that monarch, and his pertinacity,

rendered him very unpopular with the pub-

lic, and his reappearance was the sign for

a serious theatrical riot, which resulted in

driving him from the London stage.

We do not now discuss the personal

particulars of Jealousy, professional or

otherwise, stirred up the fiery nature of

Booth, and he assumed the life of the ob-

noxious person, but failed to take it. The

man survived the assault, and is now re-

vered a resident of St. Louis. Booth re-

mained in the United States, and, when he

crossed the Atlantic, and made his

first professional appearance, in this coun-

try, at Petersburg, Virginia, and the year

following the Park Theater, New York, on

both of which occasions he assumed his

favorite role of Richard III. From that

time to the end of his life, he fulfilled

engagements in nearly every theater in

the United States, and, in 1860, became

one of the greatest actors of his time, though

the range of characters which he assumed

was limited, and was confined almost ex-

clusively to those which he had studied in

the schools of his profession. Having se-

cured a moderate competence, he pur-

chased a small farm near Baltimore, known

as "The Farm," where, during his latter years, he resided, making occasional professional

visits to other cities. He made an excur-

sion to California somewhere about the year

1850, when he failed a very lucrative

engagement, and, on his return, stopped

in New Orleans, where he made his first

appearance, at the St. Charles, as St. Giles

Overshaw, in "A New Way to Pay Old Debts." It was while on his passage from that city to Cincinnati that he died. His remains were taken to "The Farm" for burial.

Booth's habits were exceedingly irregu-

lar, and so interfered with his performances

that, as an actor less gifted would

have forfeited his popularity beyond re-

demption. It was rarely that he appeared

on the stage, and, toward the close of

his life, it required all the vigilance and art

of most skilful managers to keep him

from appearing on the stage at all.

The story told of him in this connection

is innumerable, and some of them extremely ludicrous. His appetite for liquor was absolutely voracious.

Being without money at one time in New

York, he went to a pawn-broker's shop,

literally piled up his money to purchase

liquor, was regularly drunk, and exhibited

in a window, where he staid till

redressed by a friend. On another occa-

sion, being announced to appear in Phila-

delphia, he waited at the Walnut street,

believe the theater, on the day for his ap-

pearance, and, when he was not to be seen,

the manager proceeded to conduct him

to the dressing room, and found

him in an insatiable condition. It was con-

sidered somewhat perilous to play Rich-

ard to Booth's Richard III, particularly

if the actor was in liquor. During the

course of his career, he was apt, in his

excitement, to consider the reality of the

King, and cut and thrust with

the sword.

Strayed and Stolen.

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